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Mrs. Sawyer's Poems.

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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY ANNA SAWYER.

WITH NOTES, HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.



Cheddar Cliffs.

Enchanting Poesy! who Life's sharp Thorns
Bid'st many a Rose of fragrant Hues adorn!
Sister of troubled Souls! whose Hand can lend
Thou the soft Balm, and heal the wounded Breast.

D'Orcell's Defence of Poetry.


PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:
BY SWINNEY & HAWKINS, BIRMINGHAM.

1801.



PREFACE.

BY A FRIEND.



IN addressing the public on the part of an amiable Lady; and the first production of her unpractised Muse, delicacy becomes a duty, and restrains the pen of friendship. But, in order to mitigate the severity of Criticism, it is necessary to remark, that some of the following little Poems were written "in the days of other years;" partly for the amusement of a private circle, but chiefly to dissipate unavoidable sorrow. It is a melancholy fact, that the strings of her Æolian harp too frequently warbled to the winds of woe. I beg leave to refer the reader of sensibility to the Lines on her Husband's Picture, which tell in artless, but highly pathetic strains, the story of domestic affliction. Pieces written in this desultory way gradually swelled to some magnitude, and she was induced, by the advice of her friends, to amplify some Poems, compose others, and publish the whole, in the fond hope of dispersing the clouds that hovered over her worthy Husband in his declining years.

In the general execution of a work thus laudably undertaken, in polishing what was conceived to be rugged, and supplying what was defective, in occasionally expanding an image, and interpolating a sentiment, and particularly in constructing the Notes

she was assisted by a Gentleman of erudition and taste, whose liberal services she acknowledges with pride and pleasure.

In appreciating the merit of this production, I beg it may be understood that mine is the Criticism of Friendship; and, of course, may differ much from that of the more learned and more impartial Reviewers. But, I may speak with confidence, that Mrs. SAWYER'S chief excellence consists in her happy adaptation of the Style to the Subject. - Her step, though varied, is in general graceful, easy, unaffected. Tinged with the colour of her prevailing thoughts, many of the Poems have a melancholy cast. In some places she is beautifully simple, in others elegantly descriptive; and in her Elegy on Mortality, and the Verses on Miss WEARDEN'S monument, we find traces of awful sublimity.

An Apology may be due to the Subscribers for the smallness of the volume: the unexpected duty on paper obliged her to contract her original design; but whatever may be its merits, both with respect to quality and quantity, she submits it to her Subscribers with sentiments of unfeigned gratitude; anxiously hoping, that those who cannot respect her talents, will approve her motives, and that in a liberal Public she will find a PROTECTOR as well as a JUDGE.



ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC

By Charles Collins, Esq. of Ch. Ch. Oxon; 1756.



WHEN erst, in GREECE, to sing the Muses choir;
Their first-born son, immortal HOMER, rose;
In Beauty's cause he sang, how warring hosts
Of Gods and Heroes mixt on PHRYGIA's coasts;
From ILIUM won, the wandering sage he led,
Toss'd o'er the rude imperious ocean's bed,
Himself a Wanderer! doom'd by fate to tread
Admiring cities, that deny'd him bread.

Nor let's the plaint, when MARO liv'd to sing
The world at rest beneath ROME's eagle wing,
Of arms to arts by blindness still preferr'd—
The poet linger'd, till MÆCENAS heard.—
Gain, in my native land, would I forego
To trace the records of poetic woe;
Yet O! for Orway's doom one transient tear,
Tho' it bid BRITAIN bluth the name to hear.
From the sad scene I turn to happier days,
And poets grac'd with more than empty lays*
By FREEDOM's hand, in annual transport, view;
Say then, shall merit plead, in vain, to you?

* The Literary Fund.



Triumphant BRITONS ! tho' the trump of war
Sound in your ears ; amid the direful jar,
To milder notes awhile attentive prove,
And the soft sorrows of connubial love.
Of wanton flames the GRECIAN SAPPHO sung,
To nobler aims our SAPPHO's harp is strung ;
To worth, neglected, your attention draws,
Nor dreads your censure—'tis a HUSBAND's cause
From life's gay morn, to sober evening gray,
Contented has she trod his luckless way.
Children of woe ! yet bear ye on awhile,
And fortune's frown forget in friendship's smile ;
For, trust me, Heav'n a tale of sorrow heeds,
And Britons hear, whenever a Woman pleads.



P O E M S

ON

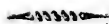
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



CHEDDER.

THY cliffs, majestic CHEDDER, wou'd require *
SALVATOR's daring tints, and MILTON's fire ;
Such rocky grandeur, such stupendous views,
Check my unpractis'd wing, and awe my Muse ;
My feeble Muse, that ever loves to play
On the green sward, and trill the woodland lay.

* This prodigious chain of rocks is situated on the South side of Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire, near the town of Chedder, which has long been celebrated for its excellent cheese.



Trickling beneath the rock's tremendous brow,
 As chrystal clear, five lucid streamlets flow ;
 In darkness doom'd five dreary miles to stray,*
 Sparkling they rise, and, bubbling, bless the day.
 From WOKEY HOLE the truant waters flow,
 The WITCH of WOKEY all the neighbours know :
 The wrinkled hag, as ancient stories tell,
 By potent magic form'd her sparry cell ;
 And still the rustics her utensils name,
 And still they shew the alabaster Dame :
 Her chair, where, mutt'ring backward pray'rs, she sate,
 Her stone gridiron, and her crony cat.

* This is said to be proved by colouring the water in Wokey Hole. Wokey, or Okey Hole, which lies five miles to the east of Cheddar, near the city of Wells, opens from a narrow entry into a large vault, whose roof can only be seen by light of candle ; its greatest height is 40 feet, greatest breadth 20, and length 200. Among the various configurations formed by the petrifying quality of the water continually dropping, the people here about fancy many apartments, utensils, and animals, belonging, as they pretend, to the Witch, whose residence this cave was, and whose figure, in a sparry alabaster mass, they shew here.—A pleasing Poem, called the "*Witch of Wokey*," written by Dr. Harrington, of Bath, is inserted in Percy's *Relics of Ancient Poetry*.



Soon, with glad haste, these lucid streamlets meet,
 And form, round flatter'd rocks, a foaming sheet ;
 Rocks, on whose surface amber limpets gleam,
 And floating foliage flutters in the stream.
 Conervas tremble as the waters drive,
 And all the chequer'd landscape seems alive.*

A pile of fragments tumbled to the spot,
 Here forms a curious and fantastic cot :
 Stranger ! if weary, lift the latch, and share
 All cots can give, kind looks and rustic fare.†

* The bed of this river is sand mixed with shingles, and in many places almost covered with broken fragments of stone, and small rocks rising above the surface. On these are many curious aquatic plants, *Polypodies*, *Alphonias*, and *Conervas*, which being kept in continual motion by the stream, broken by many little ledges of natural rocks, render the scene inexpressibly beautiful. On many of these rocks is found a curious kind of fresh water *Parilla*, or *Limpet*, shaped like a truncated cone, of a bluish and amber colour, pellucid, and beautifully striated with lines of bright purple.

† Visitors usually bring with them tea, wine, &c. and are neatly accommodated. On their benevolence this poor sequestered family chiefly subsists.



Great God of Nature! what convulsive shock
 Cou'd rend those pond'rous piles of solid rock?
 Say, did an earthquake, heaving from below,
 Split the vast mountain with tremendous blow?
 Or, were the massy crags afunder hurl'd,
 By that dire deluge that o'erwhelm'd the world?*

A scene of wonders rushes on the eye,
 Inspiring awe, and yet inspiring joy;
 Projecting, high, the Eastern Cliffs aspire,
 While, hollow'd deep, their counterparts retire;
 But, faithful as th' impression to the seal,
 Their ancient unity they both reveal.
 A mile, and more, the yawning ruins wind,
 And still, with varying grandeur, charm the mind:

* These cliffs rise above 800 feet in height, and extend in length a mile and a half. Those on the right, or eastern side, out-top their antagonists; and, from their upright situation, seem to have suffered less from the convulsion that broke their former connexion. They are generally inaccessible, and awfully sublime.



Chaos of crags! here some grotesque and bold,
Seem shatter'd battlements of castles old;
Others, that fright with their enormous size,
Form craggy cones, and lessen as they rise;
While some lean forward with terrific brow,
And proudly frown on pigmy man below.

Yet, here coy beauty practises her wiles,
Peeps from the lofty cliffs, peeps out and smiles:
And as in air the rocky monster tow'rs,
His giant features are inwreathed with flow'rs;
Ivy and wild shrubs clothe each vacant space,
Shade every steep, and every fissure grace.
Benignant FLORA decorates the scene,
And spreads her mantle of eternal green;
The shapely hart's tongue, from its oozy bed,
Points its green spire, and nods its humid head;
The mountain pink, the eye delighted sees,
Wave its pale crimson to the passing breeze,
Artless and elegant—on cliffs sublime,
Where no rude, rustic, pilfering hand can climb,

Those flow'rs that scorn in other foil to grow,
 Dangle in gay festoons, and, clust'ring, blow ;*
 And here, in vast variety, we view
 Pale shrubs, contrasted with the darksome yew :
 She o'er the whole displays her mournful charms,
 Enjoys the dizzy heights, and waves her airy arms.

Smooth are the breezy summits, smooth and green,
 Where breaks abruptly the tremendous scene,
 And the shock'd eye shrinks at the gulph between. }
 Huntsmen and hounds, advancing to the bound,
 Start, while the echoing rocks their cries resound ;
 Beneath, how little lordly mortals seem !
 Remote and dim, slow rolls the puny team.

* The scenery is interspersed with ivy, shrubs, yews, and other trees which grow out of the fissures of the rocks up to their very summits in an elegant disorder, far beyond the reach of art. There are found many curious plants, *Liverwort*, *Asplenium*, *Scoleopendrium* or hart's tongue, *Sengreen*, *Polypody*, and *Thalictrum* or Meadow Rue, and particularly the *Dianthus Glaucus*, or Crimson Mountain Pink, called the Cheddar Pink, being peculiar to that place, and the rocky summits of Mendip.



With wonder and with awe I trace the steep,
 And, thro' the rocky vista, long and deep,
 View distant day, view sunny scenes expand,*
 Long streaks of yellow meads, and gleams of watry land.

But oh! my warmest eulogy is cold,
 Nor pencil can pourtray, nor tongue unfold,
 Nor ev'n creative fancy can combine
 A group so striking, colours so divine,
 As from the summit to the base adorn
 Those glorious cliffs, when breaks the rosy morn.

Nor yet, O CHEDDER, end thy wonders here,
 For thine are "*antres vast*," and caverns drear
 The mighty Power that rear'd the craggy steep,
 Has wrought below in excavations deep,

* When from the level top of these terrific cliffs you view the depths below, new scenes of grandeur rise in wondrous perspective. A friend of mine made a drawing from this point of view, which exceeded, in magnificence, all the others, taking in part of the town of Cheddar, with the marshes then under water, and a fine distant country towards Exeter.—It is remarkable, that through this "huge China" went the turnpike road to Bristol.

Scoop'd into form the subterraneous piles,
 Form'd Gothic arches, and high vaulted illes ;*
 Where the rocks glisten with *stalactic* beams,
 Sparkles the spar ; the chrystal coldly gleams.
 Here jealous Silence guards the shadowy halls,
 Save where the lone drop tinkles as it falls ;
 But shou'd a sound disturb the tranquil caves,
 Repeating, long and loud, their angry echo raves.

Yet, with sublimer sweep, and higher still,
 Rises the proud top of old MENDIP HILL ;
 Commanding counties in its wide survey,
 Rocks, dales, and spiry fanes, and Severn's winding
 way.

* On the sides of the cliffs are five considerable caverns : one of them, the entrance of which is one hundred feet high, contains many curious *stalactical* productions, spars, and chrystallizations, and also the *Lac Lunæ*, growing like a fungus, extremely light and friable. The cavern is very rugged and uneven, but contains some very spacious vaults of a vast height, the natural arches of which present an awful aspect, and fine echoes are reverberated within the walls. There is another smaller cavern, in which an old woman some years ago held her solitary residence.



LINES,

Written near Rowberrow, in Somersetshire, where the Author lately resided.



DEAR regions of pastoral joy,
 For ever to memory dear !
 Your name I repeat with a sigh,
 And pencil your scenes with a tear.

Mine, mine, was the bosom serene,
 When the wind o'er the wild brier blew !
 No groves had so charming a green,
 No skies such a beautiful blue.

The woodlands such harmony breathe,
 So sweet is the dog-rose in bloom ;
 The linnet sings wild on the heath,
 And the bee buzzes over the broom



But sweeter than linnet, or rose,
 Or the stores of the pilfering bee,
 Is the strain that from CORYDON * flows,
 From CORYDON, graceful and free.

'Twas his elegant taste that refin'd
 The rustical beauties around ;
 Humanity glows in his mind,
 And the Muses his temples have crown'd.

Corrected by CORYDON's hand,
 Old Nature enchantingly smil'd ;
 The *lovely* combin'd with the *grand*,
 And Paradise rose in the wild.

* The Rev. Mr. T. S. Whalley, a favoured Son of the Muses, who, from a *barren* *far* on Mendip Hills, Somersetshire, has formed, or rather *created*, one of the most delightful places in this Island, commanding an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, with a vast variety of beautiful home objects, and the cloud-topped mountains of Wales in the back ground.—This pastoral is humbly offered as a grateful tribute for former favours received from that gentleman.



On the slope of the high climbing hill,
 He fashion'd the terrace so bold ;
 Where vision may wander at will,
 And beauties, unnumber'd, behold.

Grey rocks at a distance are seen,
 With SEVERN'S wide billowy shore ;
 Sweet lawns, and the fam'd COWSLIP GREEN,^{*}
 Where Poetry dwells with her MORE.

Ye Gods, how delightful to view
 Gay villas embosom'd in trees ;
 Huge mountains, by distance made blue,
 And the sails gliding dim in the breeze.

But, forc'd by my fortune, forlorn,
 These regions of beauty I leave :
 Adieu to the lark in the morn,
 And the red-breast's sweet hymn in the eve !

* The summer retreat of the celebrated Mrs. Hannah More.



To thy cliffs, awful CHEDDER, that rise,
So pleasingly shaded with yew,
To thy summits, half lost in the skies,
Breezy MENDIP ! for ever adieu !!





GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

A POEM.



ILLUSTRIOUS feats of piety and praise,
 Where sleep the mighty dead of antient days !
 Renown'd in many a legendary tale,
 Mother of Saints, O AVALONIA,* hail !
 The Muse, with grief, thy pristine glory sings,
 Thou tomb of Heroes, burying-place of Kings !

* The antient Isle of Avalon now forms the hundred of Glastonbury. It seems to have been mis-named *Glasty* for *glais-coloured*, that is *verdant*, from *glais*, which, in British, signifies *green* or *blue*. It was called the Isle of Avalon, because, in distant days, the sea flowed up, and covered all the flat lands surrounding it.



Where now thy radiant shrines, thy altars blaze,
 Thy fretted roofs, that rang with peals of praise?
 Forlorn and silent are thy poor remains,
 In all thy cloisters Defolation reigns :
 Beneath the fractur'd arch she sits reclin'd,
 And hears the grey moss whistle in the wind.

'Twas here Religion shot her earliest ray,
 And pour'd, on Pagan gloom, resistless day,
 Long ere the blue-ey'd SAXONS fought our shore,
 Or DANISH robbers bath'd the sand in gore.
 Departing, westward, from the SYRIAN clime,
 (So sing the chronicles of hoary time,)
 The far-fam'd JOSEPH,* he, who rich and good,
 Sepulchral honours on our Lord bestow'd,

* This famous Abbey is said to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea, who buried the body of Christ, and whom Philip the Apostle, of Gaul, sent to preach the Gospel in Britain. The most ancient monuments evince this to have been the first Christian Church upon this Island, and to have been built in the earliest infancy of Christianity, about the year 60.



First landed here ; for these flat marshy plains,
 Form'd, then, a part of Ocean's green domains,
 Arriving safe, to ISRAEL'S GOD he rear'd
 His pious arms : the painted savage star'd.
 He plants his Staff ;* the Staff, by God's decree,
 Infant takes root, and branches to a tree :
 A tree that blooms amidst the winter cold,
 Ere snow-drops dare their icy leaves unfold ;
 For, still observant of the sacred hours,
 On Christmas-Eve the hallow'd hawthorn flow'rs.

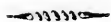
* The original hawthorn tree grew in the south ridge of Wærial Hill, which, by a poor pun, Warner calls *Wæry-all-Hill*, and was cut down in the civil wars : but some of its branches are still growing in the garden behind the Abbey House. It was brought, originally, from the Holy Land, of which it is a native. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an over zealous protestant, not having the fear of God before his eyes, hewed down one of the branches of this holy thorn, and having brought his destroying axe to another, aimed a dreadful blow which, happily, did not escape with impunity, for one of the chips, we are told, flew into his eye and blinded him, while the axe itself, as in revenge for being put to such horrid purposes, fell on his foot, and wounded it in a terrible manner.



Now JOSEPH's holy family prepare
 To build an humble Ozier* house of prayer ;
 (Unlike the splendid dome they left behind,
 Built by the greatest, wisest of mankind ;
 Where beams of cedar the high roofs uphold,
 Enrich'd with TYRIAN tints, and bright with OPHIR's
 gold.)

But, " He who fills infinitude," with smiles
 The building saw, and bless'd the builder's toils.
 Here pious JOSEPH never fail'd to raise
 His morning pray'r, his evening hymn of praise :
 Swift thro' the Isle the blest contagion ran,
 The natives crowd around the holy man ;
 Eager to hear how GOD resign'd his breath,
 And, dying, sav'd an universe from death.

* The little ancient chapel built by Joseph, is said to have been constructed of twigs. When this decayed, Devey, Bishop of St. David's, built a new one in 520; and in the beginning of the 7th century, the church was rebuilt with timber, covered with lead, by Paulinus, Archbishop of York and St. Austin.



Salvation's tidings were with joy receiv'd,
They came and wonder'd, listen'd and believ'd ;
The day-spring from on high began to chear
BRITANNIA's mud-wall'd huts, and forests drear :
While, to confirm their faith, the sacred Thorn
Still mark'd, with winter-blooms, the Saviour's natal
morn.

Rugged and rude the antient pile appear'd,
By artless zeal and infant science rear'd ;
But, nobler rose the structures when decay'd,
And all the pomp of sanctity display'd.
Untir'd Devotion, glorying in her toils,
Points the high arch, and stretches out the isles.
Dim are the cells where gloomy monks retire,
And grand, to heav'n, high tow'rs the gradual spire :
Fretted the roof, and sculptur'd ev'ry part,
With all the little niceties of art ;
The painted windows shed a twilight gloom,
While splendid shrines irradiate all the dome.



The stony monuments of death look cold,
 Silver the faints, the altar flames with gold;
 The choral band, by taper's holy blaze,
 Chaunt the slow dirge, or swell the notes of praise.
 Religion smiles: within, without, appear
 All that can feast the eye, or charm the ear.

Here sleeps the dust of ARTHUR,* great and good,
 ARTHUR, whose sword was drench'd in SAXON blood;

* Arthur, the British champion, and Christian hero, was borne to this abbey after the fatal battle of Camlan, in which he perished, about the year 520. He is said to have worried the Saxons in twelve different engagements, and in one battle to have slain two hundred and fifty, with his own hands; and yet the ignorance of the times in which he wrote was extreme, as is proved by the barbarous and Gothic appearance of the inscriptions on the leaden cross which was found over his coffin. This coffin, formed of the hollowed-trunk of an oak, was dug up here by order of King Henry the Second, who was directed to the place where the warrior's gigantic bones were deposited, by a legend recited to him by one of the Welch bards. - In a beautiful Poem, by Warton, called the *Grave of King Arthur*, are the following lines:

- 1. When ARTHUR bow'd his haughty crown,
- 2. Norban no, roll'd in azure veil,
- 3. Sent him by Merlin's potent spell
- 4. To groves of golden bills to dwell:
- 5. Where, crown'd with wreathe of mistletoe,
- 6. Smother'd till he lay in glory lay.



His country, waded by the northern swarm,
 Found a firm bulwark in his single arm.
 He and his knights, in many a bloody fray,
 Fought from the peep of dawn to setting day.
 The battle ended, in the feast they join'd,
 They fought like heroes, and like heroes din'd;
 Drain'd the deep goblet, while the minstrel's strain
 To deeds of glory rous'd the hardy train.
 Accur'd ambition fir'd young AMMON'S mind,
 CÆSAR enslav'd, or butcher'd half mankind;
 While gallant ARTHUR rais'd his patriot hand,
 To drive from plundering hordes his native land;

-
- 1 But, when he fell, with winged speed
 2 His champions, on a milk white steed,
 3 From the battle's hurricane
 4 Led him to JOSEPH'S tower'd fane,
 5 Into the Isle of AVATON;
 6 Where, with enchanted orison,
 7 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 8 The noble fathers met the Liege;
 9 Through the dim files, in order drew
 10 Of martial woe, the Chief they led,
 11 And deep entomb'd, in holy ground,
 12 Before the altar's solemn bound.

[The former very expressive: for, according to Denham, it signifies
 "Ammon to break the line of Kings."]



Yet *those* found poets to record their name,
 And on their murders fix the stamp of fame ;
 While none were thine, save perishable lays,
 The bards who prais'd thee could not *write* thy praise :
 Thy great atchievements, Britain's brightest boast,
 In loose tradition float, or are in fable lost.

Here the fam'd DUNSTAN pin'd on meagre fire,
 Counted his beads, and mutter'd midnight pray'r :
 DUNSTAN,* of memory austere ! who broke
 Reluctant princes to his monkish yoke.

* History informs us, that, in those days, the Monks had the supreme direction of affairs. They pretended to work miracles ; crucifixes, altars, and even horses, were heard to harangue in their favour. But Dunstan had no small power over the hosts of heaven : his illuminations were frequent, his temptations strong, yet he always resisted with bravery. The devil, say the Monks, and that seriously too, once tempted him in the shape of a fine woman ; but the saint soon sent him off, by catching him by the nose with a pair of red hot tongs, and leading him about in public derision. By the assistance of fictitious miracles, Edwy was dethroned, and his brother, Edgar, placed in his room. Edward the Martyr, who had not the least title to so glorious an appellation, was crowned King by the sole authority of Dunstan. In short, every thing gave way to monkish power.



A man of gloom, yet so supremely wise,
 He trick'd old "SATHANAS with saucer eyes ;"
 To wiles infernal still superior rose,
 And seiz'd the roaring Devil by the nose.

Within these cells, in coarsest garb array'd,
 The patron Saint of Ireland watch'd and pray'd ;
 Immortal PATRICK ! far too good to dwell,
 Immur'd for ever, in monastic cell.
 'Twas his, with active piety, to raise
 The steady torch of Truth, and spread Religion's blaze.*

Once more, illustrious AVALONIA, hail !
 Where lonely Learning walk'd her cloisters pale,†
 Handmaid of piety, thro' Gothic night,
 Her lamp diffus'd a stream of lovely light.

* In the year of our Lord 448, Mac Eacherd, King of Dublin, and all his subjects were converted to Christianity by the fervent and intrepid zeal of this illustrious preacher of the gospel.

† Ireland, who wrote in the time of King Henry the Eighth, speaks withapture of the library here as the best in the kingdom.



Hail holy glooms! where poverty was blest,
Sickness found ease, and weary pilgrims* rest;
Where mute Repentance rais'd her humid eye,
And penfive Piety retir'd to die.

Oft let me wander, at the close of day,
Amid your glimm'ring isles, and ruins† grey;

* As many pilgrims visited Glastonbury, the Abbots found it necessary to build an inn for their reception, where they were furnished with all the necessaries of life in a truly royal style. It is still standing in the town, and known by the sign of the George, having the Arms of the Saxon Kings over the gate. —The summit of this Inn is turretted, and the spaces between the battlements seem formerly to have been adorned with human figures in stone. Only two of these are remaining, their heads inclining downwards, as if they were observing the guests as they entered the gateway.

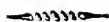
† The relics of this once superb edifice are some of the south walls of the choir, with those of St. Edgar's, St. Andrew's, and our Lady's Chapel, adjoining the two east pillars of the tower, and a west arch leading into St. Joseph's Chapel, which is entire, except the roof and the floor. The church, with St. Joseph's Chapel was five hundred feet in length, and exceeded all our Cathedrals, except St. Paul's. This Abbey was valued at the dissolution, at £3311 per year, and the present rental of its demesnes is above £20000. — It was granted to Edward Duke of Somerset, who only enjoyed it long enough to pull it to pieces.



Where, as I step, the clam'rous jackdaw springs,
 And in the Holy Thorn the redbreast sings.
 To see the dire effects of wasting years,
 The eye of contemplation swims in tears:
 O'er fainted dust the noxious nettles spread,
 The thistle nods above the mighty dead;
 And not one solitary fragment* shews
 Where heroes moulder, or where kings repose.

those of Canterbury or Durham. The hospitality of this Abbot was such, that he often entertained five hundred horsemen at a time. Since the dissolution of religious houses, the chief support of the town was the great number of visitors; but the inhabitants having, with Gothic stupidity, removed many of the stones to repair their houses, the number of visitors is much diminished.

* Speaking of these ruins, the Rev. Mr. Warner, in his "*Walk through some of the Western Counties*," says—"Though time has spared but little, that little exhibits exquisite specimens of sculptural skill." He says, that St. Joseph's Chapel carries architectural elegance to a pitch beyond what his fancy could conceive. Its style is mixed, partly Anglo-Norman, or what is vulgarly called Saxon, and partly Gothic, both perfect in their kind. Nor is it possible to pass the northern entrance without admiration, for here the builder seems to have exerted all his efforts to produce an architectural wonder.



Yet those, there are, I pity from my soul,
Who with light sneer, or philosophic frown,
Can view the dreadful havoc made by Time,
On structures once so sacred and sublime.
For me, I venerate the very place
Where first Religion shew'd her radiant face:
Heart-struck, I view these desolated piles,
These brambled cloisters, and these weedy isles.
The wise and good will sympathize with me,
And feel, O AVALONIA, feel one pious pang for thee!

The transepts of the great church spread to a breadth of 135 feet, rising to a sublime height, adorned with innumerable shrines, "antic pillars," sculptured windows, and painted glass; the whole executed in the purest Gothic taste, and finished with the most elaborate art. It is impossible to quit this subject without most seriously regretting the gross inattention paid to these venerable remains, and scandalous violation of the ashes of the dead



ON A PAINTED WINDOW,

Which exhibits an amiable young Lady rising from the Dead.



BEHOLD that lovely form, from sleep profound
New-wak'd, and springing from the fractur'd tomb!
While worlds, unheeded, fall in ruins round,
And the dread trumpet sounds the note of doom.

In holy trance, with fix'd extatic gaze,
She views the realms of light that opening glow:
She hears the hymns of "inexpressive" praise,
And spurns at worldly vanity below.

She hears the voice of welcome from above,
"Come, fainted maid, celestial sister, come!"
Supporting angels, with a smile of love,
Wait the "accepted" to her heav'nly home.

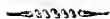


O ye who wept upon the hallow'd clay,
And saw, with anguish, her meek head laid low,
Look on the glory these bright scenes display,
And, if ye can, indulge one moment's woe!

What are the pageants that she left behind?
The pride of birth, and fortune's glitt'ring toys,
And youth's warm bloom? serenely she resign'd
The painted shadows for substantial joys.

When the low sun streams through the pictur'd glass,
And gives the traits a more ethereal hue;
Th' expressive scenes all fallacy surpass,
And the soul, starting, thinks the vision true

Full oft Devotion here shall turn her eyes,
Awhile forgetful of the sacred slave;
And view, with thoughts that kindle as they rise,
The Christian triumph o'er the greedy grave



O never may these radiant tints expire,
But feel the mellowing pow'r of soft decay!
Till the skies glow with no disssembled fire,
And flames, in earnest, the tremendous day!

The much-admired window, which is the subject of this Poem, decorates the Church of Aston, near Birmingham, and was executed by the celebrated Mr. Eginton. The design is as follows:

In the opening of a Gothic arch, executed in statuary marble, the lady is represented as just rising from the shattered tomb, amidst a mass of clouds, and group of angels. She is in an attitude of adoration, and looking, with rapture, towards a descending glory. On one side of the sepulchre is the imperfect form of a shield, which once contained the armorial bearings of the family, emblematical of the instability of all earthly grandeur.

This window is in commemoration of the good, the tender, the accomplished, and pious Miss Wearden, of Solihull, Warwickshire.





LINES,

Written on seeing my Husband's Picture, painted when he was young.

[Written in 1795.]



1.

THOSE are the features, those the smiles,
That first engag'd my virgin heart:
I feel the pencil'd image true,
I feel the mimic pow'r of art.

2.

For ever on my soul engrav'd
His glowing cheek, his manly mien;
I need not thee, thou painted shade,
To tell me what my Love has been.



3.

O dearer now, tho' bent with age,
Than in the pride of blooming youth !
I knew not then his constant heart,
I knew not then his matchless truth.

4.

Full many a year, at random tost,
The sport of many an adverse gale,
Together, hand in hand, we've stray'd,
O'er dreary hill, and lonely vale.

5.

Hope only flattered to betray,
Her keenest shafts misfortune shot :
In spite of prudence, spite of care,
Dependence was our bitter lot.

6.

Ill can'st thou bear the sneer of wealth,
Averted looks, and rustic scorn ;
For thou wert born to better hopes,
And brighter rose thy vernal morn.



7.

Thy ev'ning hours to want expos'd,
I cannot, cannot bear to see:
Were but thy honest heart at ease,
I care not what becomes of me.

8.

But tho', my Love, the winds of woe,
Beat cold upon thy silver hairs,
Thy ANNA'S bosom still is warm;
Affection still shall soothe thy cares.

9.

And Conscience, with unclouded ray,
The cottage of our age will cheer;
Friendship will lift our humble latch,
And Pity pour her healing tear.





On the Death of a favourite Spaniel.

[Written in 1794.]

BENEATH this humble grassy sod,
 O'er which the woodbine fondly twines,
 And the lov'd robin nestles near,
 Fidelity herself reclines.

When Fortune's terrifying blasts
 Drove ev'ry summer-friend away,
 Thee, faithful FANNY, still I found,
 Companion of my woe-worn way.

Nought, fellow-rambler, couldst thou know
 Of woes that rent my aching breast ;
 Oft did thy bark of joy disturb
 The fluttering sky-lark from her nest.

Oft did thy rude unconscious paws
 Dare my unspotted robes to foil ;
 Yet still thy tender, artless whine,
 Converted anger to a smile.

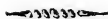
Farewell ! O could the grateful Muse,
 With tears of genius bathe thy tomb !
 Bid the poetic myrtle there,
 And there the dog-rose ever bloom !

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

A POEM.

IS this the Castle * once extoll'd so high,
That History seems a fiction, Truth a lie?
Did princely splendour once those walls adorn,
Joy wave her torch, and Plenty pour her horn?
And great ELIZA, with her courtiers gay,
Spend nights in revels, and in sports the day?

* This famous Castle, once the residence of Kings, and pride of Warwickshire, is accurately described in a letter from an attendant in Court, to his friend, a citizen of London, and dated from the Court of Worcester, the 20th of August, 1577. This account is rendered curious by its antient orthography, and quaintness of description; for which reason, I hope I shall be excused making copious extracts from it.



Whole weeks indulging in each costly joy,
 That genius cou'd invent, or wealth cou'd buy ?
 Alas! how chang'd! high grafs o'ertops the wall,
 Brambles and weeds choak up the mould'ring hall:
 O'er the green fosse the savage fragments low'r,
 And robes of ivy clothe the shatter'd tow'r.

Where yon broad meadow spreads its grassy pride,
 Once roll'd a mass of waters,* deep and wide;

“ This Castle,” says the aforefaid letter, “ was first reared by Kenulph, and his young son Kenelm, of the race of Saxons, who first reigned Kings of March-land (Mercia) from the year of our Lord 798, too 23 years toogither, about 777 years ago.”—[This is not correctly right: the Castle here alluded to, was situated in the woods opposite Stoneleigh Abbey, in this parish, and was demolished in King Edmund's wars with the Danes. The present fabric was erected about the year 1120, by Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, who was Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry the First.]—“ It stands in Warwickshire, seventy-three myle north-west from London, and, az it were, in the navel of England, foure myle somewhat from Coventree, a proper citee, and a lyke distance from Warwyk, a faire shiere town, in ayr sweet and holfum, raised on an easy mounted hill,” &c.

* “ Too advantage hath it hard on the west a goodlie pool, of rare beauty, breadth, length, and depth, and store of all kinds of fresh water fish, delicat, great, and fat; and also of wild fowel besides. By a natural amitee seemz this



A guardian lake, that in its lucid fold
 Wrapt the embattled walls, and, quiv'ring, roll'd.
 With fish and fowl the surface seem'd alive,
 Proud rows the swan, the speckled wild-ducks dive:
 The plunging fish a thousand circles make,
 Dimpling the glassy bosom of the lake.
 Along the banks a tall majestic wood
 Casts its brown umbrage o'er the silver flood;
 And next a wide extended park appear'd,
 Where stately deer their branching antlers rear'd,
 Gardens that FLORA's loveliest tints unfold,
 Orchards that glow with vegetable gold;
 Delightful shrubb'ries, interspers'd with these
 Gay bow'rs of pleasure, and cool grotts of ease

pool conjoined to the Castle, that on the west layz the head, as it wear, upon
 the Castlz bosom, embraceth it, south and north, with both arms, stretching
 forth body and legs a myle or too westward, between a fayre park on the
 one side, and on the oother a goodlie chaife, full of red deer, and other stately
 game for hunting: beautified with many delectable, fresh, and umbragious
 bowz, arberz, seatz, and wales, that with great art, cost, and diligence, were
 very pleasantly appointed."—*The same Letter.*

The pool covered one hundred and eleven acres of land.



Charm the wild-roving eye—but where, ah where?
 The fairy vision is dissolv'd in air:
 Woods, lakes, and parks no longer strike the eye,
 Reflection sickens, His't'ry heaves a sigh.

Ere the “deep-throated” cannon learnt to roar,
 Or murd'rous bombs their way, resistless, tore;
 This vet'ran fortress, rough with many a scar,
 Laugh'd at the idle implements of war.
 EDWARD,* with all his might, the walls assails,
 EDWARD, the scourge of SCOTLAND and of WALES;

* When the famous Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who headed the rebel Barons in the reign of Henry the Third, was defeated and slain at the battle of Evesham, by Edward Prince of Wales, (afterwards Edward the First,) the shattered remains of the rebel army took refuge in this fortress. Henry de Hastings, the Governor, made a most gallant resistance against the united forces of the victorious Prince. Being provided with engines to throw stones of a prodigious size (some of which have been found) and making frequent and bold sallies, he baffled all the efforts of the besiegers for six months; when famine and disease having made great havoc in the garrison, he surrendered on the most honourable terms. This siege was productive of much mischief to the Monastery of Black Canons, founded by the above-named Geoffrey de



Against them the whole nation's strength he drew,
Then whizz'd the spear, and twang'd the bow of
yew.

In vain huge balls of stone were taught to fly,
The massy bulwarks all assaults defy;
The neighb'ring convent hears the dire alarms,
And the pale priests start at the din of arms.
At length, when six long months were spent in vain,
Famine effects what valour could not gain;
And shouts of triumph echoing to the skies,
On CÆSAR'S TOWER* the royal standard flies.

Pensive we view yon walls with moss o'ergrown,
Walls that once echo'd with a monarch's moan:

Gloucester, and situated near the end of the gateway and part of the chapel of
Henry VIII remain.

* The Castle hath one ancient, strong, and large keep, that is called
Cæsar's Tower: rather, as I have good cause to think, for that it is square and
high, named after the manner of Cæsar's Forts, than that ever he built it." See
supra the above mentioned letter.—This tower was the strongest and most
valuable part of the Castle.



The royal wretched outcast of mankind,
 The second EDWARD,* here in thraldrom pin'd;
 Degraded lower than the lowest clown,
 Here he resign'd his sceptre and his crown.

* This unfortunate Prince was certainly unfit to hold the reins of government in those turbulent times. He had no vices; but was unhappy in a total incapacity for serious business. His chief fault was, the violence of his attachment to favourites at once insolent and rapacious. Instigated by his Queen Isabella, and Mortimer, with whom she carried on a criminal intercourse, the whole kingdom rose against him. Endeavouring to hide himself in the Mountains of Wales, he was discovered, put into the custody of the Earl of Leicester, and confined in this Castle, where a resignation was extorted from him by terror. But the treatment he experienced here being considered too humane, he was removed to Berkley Castle, where he met with every species of indignity.

It is reported, his mercenary keepers shaved him for sport in the open fields, with water from a neighbouring ditch. On this occasion his firmness forsook him; he looked upon his merciless persecutors with an air of fallen majesty, and shed a torrent of tears. But this method of laying him in his grave being thought too slow, he was at last dispatched by thrusting a red hot iron, inserted through a horn, into his bowels.—To this horrid tragedy Gray alludes in his celebrated *Welsh Ode*:

“ Hark to the shrieks, through Berkley’s Tow’rs that ring,
 “ Shrieks of an agonizing King.

He very properly and poetically calls Isabella,

“ She-Wolf of France.”



(Alas! that sceptre he could not sustain,
 That crown, too pond'rous, hurt his feeble brain.)
 Yet still his faults o'erbalanc'd by his woes,
 His fate we pity, and detest his foes.
 By insult goaded, till those foes were tir'd,
 At length, in agony, the wretch expir'd.
 Still be thy name, O ISABEL, abhor'd,
 Thou base adult'rous murd'rer of thy lord!

Ah! see that mould'ring hall! renown'd of yore,
 For rosy revels and convivial roar!
 Plenty, which none but Princes cou'd afford,
 Enormous plenty, smoak'd upon the board.
 Compar'd with this how sneakingly we dine!
 How poor, how puny is our fam'd firloin!
 Quarters of oxen, moieties of sheep,
 Wash'd down with large potations, strong and deep,
 Strike our degen'rate guttlers with amaze,
 Yet form'd the boast of those heroic days.
 Tho' coarse the joke, "the merry beards wagg'd all,"
 And peals of laughter shook the vaulted hall.

The Minstrel's carol,* while, at every pause,
The woods and lake re-echo hoarse applause.

* We do not meet with the term Minstrel until after the Norman Conquest. This order of men succeeded the ancient bards, and retained many of the honours shewn to their illustrious predecessors, who, according to Ossian, sang the "battles of heroes, and the heaving breasts of love." The following curious description is given of the Minstrel who entertained Queen Elizabeth in this Castle;—"A person very meet for the purpose, of about forty-five years old, his cap off, his head seemingly rounded tonsterwise, fair kembed; that, with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greafe, was finely smoothed to make it shine like a mallard's wing; his beard snugly shaven; and his shirt, after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked, and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a fetting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer; a sode (*i. e.* a long) gown of Kendal Green, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp, and a keeper close up to the chin. Seemingly begirt in a red caddis girdle; from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides; his gown had sode (*i. e.* long) sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton; his doublet sleeves of black worsted, upon them a pair of points of tawney camlet, laced along the wrist with blue threaden points; a wealt towards the hands of fustian-a-napes; a pair of red nether socks; a pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns, not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with foot and shining as a shoeing horn; about his neck a red ribband, suitable to his girdle; his harp in good grace, dependent before him; his wrist tyed to a green lace, and hanging by; under the gorget of his gown, a fair flaggon, chain, pewter for silver; as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex.



The castle bell, with hospitable sound,
Daily invites the neighbourhood around,
To noble strangers,* journeying from afar,
The furly porter smiles, the pond'rous gates unbarr.

And hark ! what shouts of revelry abound,
Float on the lake, and thro' the groves resound !
Unnumber'd pageants crowd upon the eye,
Attention wanders in a maze of joy.
The trumpet's clangor,† and the torchs' blaze.
Set all the flutt'ring courtiers on a gaze.

* The arts of a refined, sequestered luxury, was then unknown ; and, besides this sort of hospitality, there was another, still more noble and disinterested which distinguished the early times, especially the purer ages of chivalry : it was customary, according to Dr. Hurd, in his "*Moral and Political Dialogues*," for the great Lords to fix up helmets on the roofs and battlements of their castles, as a signal of hospitality to all adventurers and noble passengers.

† This alludes to the fanciful and magnificent entertainments given to Queen Elizabeth, and her whole Court, by her favourite Earl of Leicester, and which continued, with interesting variety, for fourteen days.

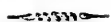
* Six trumpeters stood upon the wall of the gate too sound a tune of welcome, every one an eight foot high, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of a five foot long."—*Also mentioned before*.



Beauty and Fashion, in their best attire,
 The lake all peopled, and the skies on fire ;
 The martial tournaments, the gorgeous dance,
 Bring fiction home, and realife romance.
 The Gods themselves are actors in the scene,
 And Goddeffes acknowledge Albion's Queen.
 Nereids, in fea-green velt, in homage bow,
 Their wrinkled fhells the mimic Tritons blow ;
 The Dolphin gambols, and Arion* plays,
 The lake, in rapture, quiv'ring to his lays.
 The rofy BACCHUS, flufh'd with grace divine,
 Presents his cluft'ring grapes and fparkling wine.

" In the midft of the pool was a mooveable ifland, bright blazing with torches. There was abroad fundry kindez of fier works, compel'd, by cunning, to fly too and froo, mount very hyc, and alfo to burn unquenchable in the water."—*The fame.*

* " Arion riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin, that from hed to tayl waz a foour and twenty foot long, began a delectable ditty, well adapted to a melodious noiz, compounded of fix feveral instruments, all covert, cafting found from the dolphin's belly, Arion fitting thus finging without."—*Same Letter.*



SYLVANUS offers his wild flut'ring fowls,
 POMONA, golden fruit in silver bowls :
 CERES presents her sheaves of bearded grain,
 NEPTUNE, the finny tenants of the main.
 APPOLLO, grac'd with lutes and harps, appears,
 And courteous MARS extends his glit'ring shields and
 spears.

Young Knights, the flow'r of Chivalry, advance
 Their mettled steeds, and couch the quiv'ring lance :
 While some, the hardiest of the vulgar throng,
 Tilt at a post,* and tumbling, sprawl along.

* This diversion was called "running at the Quintyn," which was preceded by "a bridesale." "After the bridegroom had his coors, ran the best in flam older; but ~~then~~ after tag and rag, cut and long tail, where the specialty of the sport was, to see how some, for his slackness, had a good bob with the bag; and some, for his haste, too topple down right and cum tumbling to the post."—Running at the Quintin was a ludicrous kind of tilting, performed in the following manner: A post, as high as a man on horseback, was set upright in the ground, with an iron pivot on the top, on which turned a long horizontal beam, unequally divided. To the upright post was fixed the figure of a man, the horizontal beam representing his arms: the shortest



And now, responsive to the tabor's found,
The antic morrice,* jingling, beats the ground.
Nor did her VIRGIN HIGHNESS scorn to view,
Ban-dogs and bears† their old disputes renew ;

end had a target nearly covering the whole body, with a hole in the shape of a heart, on a ring cut in the middle of it; and the longest was armed with a wooden sword or a bag of sand. Peasants, mounted on cart horses, ran full tilt at this figure, and endeavoured to strike the heart with a pole, made like a lance: if they succeeded, they were greatly applauded; but if they struck the shield instead of the heart, the short arm of the lever retiring, brought round the wooden sword, or the sand bag, with such velocity as generally to unhorse the awkward assailants.

* “ A lively morrisdauns, according to the auntient manner, six dauncerz, mawdmarion, and the fool.”

† This diversion is very graphically described in the above letter: “ On the sixth day of her Majesty's cumming, a great sort of ban-dogs wear tyed in the utter court, and thirteen bearez in the inner; it waz a sport very plezaunt to see, the bear, with his pink nyez, leering after his enemiez approach, the nimble-ness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experiens of the bear agayn to avoid the assaults; if he were bitten in one place, hoow he would pynch in anoother, to get free; that if he wear taken onez, then what shynft, with byting and clawing, with roring, tossing and tumbling, he would woork to wynd himself from them; and when he was lose, to shake his earz, twyse or thrise, wyth the blud, and the flaver about his sizzamy, was a matter of goodlie relief.”



Our ancient beaux enjoy the funny fight,
 Forget their gravity, and laugh outright;
 Nobles and bumpkins join in one loud roar—
 But ah! the reign of revelry is o'er:
 The scene of splendour like a day-dream flies,
 And deep'ning shades of melancholy rise.
 The dreadful whirl of fate my soul appalls,
 Methinks, within yon lacerated walls,
 Departed grandeur's pensive ghost I view;
 Time-batter'd tow'rs,* and mossy piles adieu!

Again—"When the bears were brought forth, the dogs set too them too argue the points even face to face; they had *learned Counsel* a both parts: if the dog, in pleading, would pluck the bear by the throte, the bear, with travers, would claw him on the scalp.

Butler seems to have adopted this idea in his *Hudibras*, when he talks of "the plaintiff dog, and bear defendant," &c.

Such were the royal amusements in the "golden days" of the great Elizabeth!!

* Though the Poem concludes with an air of poetical melancholy, inspired by a comparison of the present state of the fabric with its pristine magnificence; yet the ruins, in spite of the great havoc made by time, and the still greater by chance, exhibit an appearance pleasing, though awful, and though shattered,

Alas! your tenants now are inmates foul,
There flits the bat, and mopes the mousing owl;

picturesque. You enter, from the north, by the side of the great gate house, now used as a farm house. The wall and ditch formerly joined it, and the entrance then was under an arched way, between four turrets, which, on its being made a habitation was walled up, and converted into two large rooms. One of these rooms is decorated with an elegant chimney piece, and oak wainscot, taken from Leicester Buildings, and well worthy of the stranger's attention. The large pile of buildings on the right hand (absurdly called *Cæsar's Tower*) is the strongest and most antient part of the castle. Three sides, over-grown with ivy, are now entire, the fourth having been demolished by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers. The three kitchens lie beyond it, nearly up to Leicester Buildings. These were very spacious; but now some traces of foundations on the green sward only serve to shew their situation. Leicester Buildings come next.

They were very strong; the three ranges of arches, one over another, are still to be seen. Over these you may climb to the top of the wall, from whence you have a fine view of the country. What a glorious scene this must have been when the vallies, on either hand, were filled with the transparent waters of the lake, surrounded with a beautiful variety of pleasure grounds laid out in lawns and woods.

In coming down again, you have the remains of the great hall on your right hand, a noble room, eighty-six feet long by forty-five feet wide, well adapted to the hospitable days of our forefathers. Underneath was a room of the same dimensions for domestics, and the second class of visitors. A flight of stone steps from the court, over an arch still remaining, formed the grand approach to the hall, through a noble Gothic gateway, very curiously ornamented with



There, on his couch of weeds, pale horror reigns,
 Triumphant master of these drear domains:
 There, low in dust, the smokeless kitchen lies,
 And round the roofless hall the shiv'ring ivy sighs.

twining vine and oak leaves, interchangeably wrought in stone, up the flutings of the arch. The beauties of the carved foliage challenge the admiration of the artist. You now come to the range of apartments that formed the south side of the inner court, consisting of the White Hall, the Prefence Chamber, and the Privy Chamber, of which there is nothing remaining but the fragments of walls and stair cases, and part of two large bow windows. Leicester Buildings, though the last erected, seem likely to fall the soonest into total decay. This fabric has been robbed of vast quantities of materials for repairing roads, &c. and to the benevolent attention of the late Earl of Clarendon we owe what now remains.

The spot from whence the castle appears to the best advantage, is on the road from Monily to Warwick, where it is seen in the midst of a noble wood, and appears "besom'd high in tufted trees."—N. B. Six Views of these interesting ruins, executed in Aqua Tint, by the best Artists, are intended to be some time published by Wm. Sawney, provided due encouragement is given.





SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



1.

“BRING little children unto me,”
The GOD of our SALVATION cries:
The good and wise obey the call,
And lay up treasures in the skies.

2.

Oft have I seen, with penfive eye,
Children, in groups, our streets disgrace
Expos'd to infamy and vice,
With shameless, yet with ruddy face.

3.

Along the fields, along the lanes,
Rambled the giddy, giggling throng,
Eager to strip the flow'ring thorn,
Or rob the poor bird of its young.



4.

No fears had they of God above,
No rev'rence for the sabbath Day;
But thought those hallow'd hours were meant
For nought but frolic—nought but play.

5.

For play and mischief: out they flew,
The plague of many an honest clown,
Who, mutt'ring, mourn'd his broken fence,
And clover'd meadow trampled down.

6.

Their toil-worn parents fore distressed
To feed and clothe each luckless child
No schooling cou'd afford; their minds
Were like the weedy garden wild.

7.

No bounds their insolence restrain,
No check the little urchins know;
None, save the beadle's lifted staff,
Or stern church-warden's angry brow.



8.

Compassion bled at every pore,
To hear their rude noise rend the sky:
Oh! have not these immortal souls?
For these did not a SAVIOUR die?

9.

Celestial CHARITY advanc'd,
Instant their idle clamour ceas'd;
Smiling, she seiz'd each vagrant's hand,
And led them to the "paths of peace."

10.

How chang'd the scene! in decent garb,
With sober step, and serious air,
Obsequious to their tutor's voice,
To church the cherub-train repair.

11.

The pow'r of discipline has check'd
The wild-fire of impetuous youth;
And heav'n-taught CHARITY disclos'd
The sacred ORACLES of TRUTH.

12.

What joy to view the infant tribes,
 With eyes that glisten, cheeks that glow,
 Fix'd steady on their bible-tasks,
 Or hamm'ring out the chrifs-crofs row!

13.

Ye more than parents of the poor,
 How great, how god-like is your plan!
 To snatch from fire the "flaming brand,"
 And hew the rough block into man.

14.

And oh! 'twill soothe the hours of pain,
 And brighten your declining days,
 That ye have taught the poor, forlorn,
 To know their God, and hymn his praise.

I am favoured with the following note upon this subject by the Rev. Mr. Deane, of Birmingham, Chairman of the Committee of Sunday Schools in that town: a gentleman equally distinguished for zeal and ability, for fervid piety, and impressive eloquence.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE interests of society, and those of public morals, are so inseparably connected, not only in the plan of Providence, but, in fact, whatever contributes to restore and strengthen the latter has a fair and just claim on public protection and public gratitude. That Sunday Schools possess this claim will scarcely now be disputed, except by the few who, overlooking the evidence of facts, allow themselves to be imposed on by the maxims of an illiberal and churlish policy. It was reserved for these Institutions alone to embrace and to provide for an extent of religious and moral wretchedness, which no other existing Establishments, however excellent, could reach. By impressing an early reverence for the sabbath, and its sacred appointments, by inculcating the first and essential principles of Christian doctrine and morals, a foundation is laid for personal happiness; and the Divine principles which may thus be expected to govern the individual, in the more retired acts of personal devotion, will gradually blend and diffuse their salutary influence through the various and interesting combinations of relative, social, and public duty. The savage, refractory, and selfish passions, will bend to the gentle, liberal, and benevolent sway of Christian love; and the numerous victims of ignorance and vice thus rescued, instead of growing up the plunderers and the pests of society, will, with God's blessing, become its riches and its strength. If such, then, be the object of Sunday Schools, the original projectors of this noble design will deserve to rank with the brightest ornaments of British wisdom and British philanthropy!

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On the present fashionable Female Dresses.

[Written at the close of the last year.]

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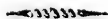
1.

THE muffin garb, in which the fair
 Are pleas'd to take the winter air,
 Has all th' appearance of a *winding-sheet* :
 So thin the gown, and drawn so tight,
 It puts me in a perfect fright,
 Like MARG'RET's ghost that stood at WILLIAM's feet.

2.

'Tis said, the BRITISH* dames of old,
 Dames of an amazonian mould,
 Instead of garments wore a daub of paint :
 Like them our modern belles discover,
 A strange aversion to all cover,
 And lay on rouge enough to vex a saint !

* Historians inform us, that the antient Britons went naked, and painted their bodies with *woad*. From this circumstance they are supposed to have derived their name, the word *brit*, in the Celtic language, signifying *painted*.



3.

Sure 'twas some high-bred CYPRIAN * fair
 Contriv'd this mode of going bare,

In all probability this hardy race, like many of the wild American tribes at present, adopted this custom with a view to strike terror into their enemies; and the artless beauties of those days had recourse to pigments, for the double purpose of looking handsome in the eyes of their savage admirers, and preserving their exposed bodies from the effects of cold. But our modern belles, in plaistering their necks and faces, have no title to this apology. Besides, modern cosmetics are proved to be so very pernicious, that many a silly girl, in attempting to attract the eyes of others, has lost her own. *Paris white*, so much in vogue, is made of bismuth dissolved in the nitrous acid, and must, of course, be highly corrosive and injurious. The French ladies may have some excuse for disguising their tawny skins by artificial application; but the complexion of my fair countrywomen needs not such dangerous auxiliaries. Here, at least, "God never made his work for man to mend."—Banish, ladies, I beseech you, from your toilettes, the boasted "Milk of Roses," and "Olympian Dew." Poisons lurk in fine-sounding epithets. Remember, that whoever in this island of native beauty, puts on such hypocrisy of countenance, and attempts to deceive by *breifing false colours*, deserves, and will experience, perfect detestation and contempt, unmingled with the slightest pity for loss of beauty or even loss of health.

* This ludicrous thinness of dress, so near akin to *nudity*, is certainly in the highest degree *meretricious*. I am informed by a classical friend, that a similar fashion prevailed among the *Impures* of ancient Rome, whose vestments were thin, even to transparency, and were aptly denominated "*ventus textile*," literally, *woven wind*.



For drefs I cannot fuch poor cov'ring call;
 I care not, girls, one fingle pin,
 What clothes ye wrap your beauties in,
 Provided, mark me, ye are *cloth'd at all!*

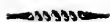
4.

Your grandmothers, both maids and wives,
 Wore petticoats by fours and fives,
 Whole loads of drap'ry did their limbs infold;
 They ftrive to keep the ague off,
 While, Lard, ye care not for a cough,
 But laugh at the whole family of cold.

5.

Consumptions* fweep ye off by dozens,
 And yet, my pretty carelefs coufins,

* I believe it is agreed among phyficians, that cold is the chief predifpofition to the caufe of confumptions, which, as I have elfewhere obferved, deftroy one-fourth and in bad years, one-third of all that die within the bills of mortality. Nothing is fo likely to generate colds as fuch preposterous finifnefs of drefs, particularly in the winter feafon, "when wind and rain beat dark December;" and, to add to the mifchief, the prevailing colour is *ecru*, which is proved by various philofophical experiments, to be, of all others, the leaft capable of preferving the warmth of the human frame. Ladies, I befeech you to do and teach to ponder in your hearts "thele important truths."



Danger and death ye still delight to dash on ;
 But what is health, or what is ease,
 Or decency, or—what you please,
 Compar'd with that bewitching thing call'd Fashion ?

6.

Your robes of snow, and eyes of glee,
 Afford the strangest simile
 Of laughing May disguis'd like winter hoar ;
 Each female, as she walks the street,
 Seems doing penance in a sheet,
 Each milk-white nymph reminds me of JANE SHORE.

7.

Ladies, 'tis thought by all beholders,
 Ye wear your heads beneath your shoulders,*
 Thus to disfigure and expose your bodies :
 The men are laughing in their sleeve,
 And none but boobies can believe
 A painted doll, half naked, is a goddess.

* That is, the ladies' brains are displaced by the dæmon of folly. We read somewhere of a fabulous race of mortals, who carried their heads beneath their shoulders.



8.

The POPE,* of Christian choler full,
 Has publish'd a tremendous Bull,
 Of such unchristian vanity to strip ye:
 Wisely, the good old man explodes,
 Of dress such fin-provoking modes,
 And, were ye Catholics, sweet girls, would whip ye.

9.

Yes, sinners, were it now your doom
 To live within the reach of ROME,
 His HOLINESS would tear your muslin graces:
 His ugly beadles would not fail
 To lay your gentle limbs in jail,
 Would thump you well, and claw your pretty faces.

* The new Pope, Pius VII. has launched his ecclesiastical thunder against the looseness of female dress. To this disorder he attributes *all the evils that have afflicted Europe, and it pressed the Church*. He says "The eye of a Christian can no where turn itself without encountering, abashed, the display of seductive charms, in public and in private; nay, even the Temples are profaned by these indecencies." &c. By a Bull lately published, he endeavours



10.

Old mother EVE, we all allow,
 Went naked, with majestic brow,
 No harm she knew, and therefore knew no shame:
 Yes—she in innocence was drest,
 Pure, spotless virtue was *her vest*,
 But, are our *Evish* females *quite* the same?

11.

Unnumber'd groups ye daily see
 Half naked *thro' Necessity*,
 While ye, *thro' Choice*, go shiv'ring in the breeze:
 On ragged Want and real Woe
 Your cast-off drapery bestow,
 Then be as much in Fashion—as ye please.

to repress such enormities by fines and CORPORAL PUNISHMENT!! The ladies in this country may congratulate themselves on belonging to the *reformed* religion, and living in a land where there is freedom of dress, as well as freedom of opinion.

ELEGY ON MORTALITY.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at 895,300,000 souls: if we reckon with the antients, that a generation lasts 30 years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die, consequently 81,762 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,407 every hour, or about 56 every minute!"—So says the great and good Dr. WATTS; but according to GUTHRIE, the mortality is still greater: he reckons the inhabitants of the terraqueous globe at 933 millions; of course 87,032 expire in one day, 3,626 in one hour, 60 in one minute, or one every second.

HEAR this dread truth, ye giddy and ye gay,
 Daughters of Fashion, Sons of Riot, hear!
 Can ye on ruin's flow'ry margin stray,
 The knell of thousands echoing in your ear?

While Folly celebrates her midnight rout,
 Legions emit the agonizing sigh;
 And ere the drunkard's frantic bowl is out,
 Thousands of fellow-beings groan and die.



While PHILLIS counterfeits health's rosy bloom,
And bids, at will, her borrow'd blushes glow,
Unnumber'd cheeks Death's pallid tints assume,
Unnumber'd beauties are in dust laid low.

Not for an instant pause the shafts of death,
Each puny moment for its victim calls:
Fall'n is a mortal since I took my breath,
And, ere I write, another victim falls.

From every side immense destruction pours ;
Volcanos spout, and earthquakes rock the ground ;
Floods overwhelm, the crackling flame devours,
And mad tornados scatter ruin round.

The scourge of GOD, fell pestilence, prevails,
And sweeps uncounted myriads to the grave :
Ev'n now the demon rides the western gales,
Beyond the rear of the Atlantic wave.



IN PHILADELPHIA'S spacious streets, the sound
 Of Trade is dumb, her Sons of Wealth are fled;
 And nought is heard, save dying groans around,
 Or midnight cars flow rumbling with their dead.

Alas! of maladies, a ghastly train
 Against our youth, against our age, conspire;
 But most I mourn BRITANNIA'S spreading bane,
 The flushing HECTIC'S* flow consuming fire.

* By *Hætic* it is evident the fair Author here means Pulmonary Phthisis, vulgarly called Consumption; for though the Hætic Fever accompanies some other disorders, the addition of "flow consuming fire" not only ascertains the meaning, but is by no means an inelegant *periphrasis* of the above-mentioned disease. It is not without reason this cruel malady has been selected as a theme of elegiac complaint: many other diseases are induced by folly, intemperance, or vice; but this makes its devastations among the young and the innocent, the beautiful and the blameless. Well may it be styled the "Shame of Physic," the "*Opprobrium Medicorum*," for its increase, in spite of the boasted power of the *Digitalis*, is truly alarming. It appears from Dr. Willan's Observations, (vid. the Medical and Physical Journal, p. 301.) that one fourth, and in very unfavourable seasons, one third, of all the deaths in London, according to the Bills of Mortality, is caused by diseases of this



HECTIC, the shame of phytic, parent's fear,
That nips the buds of joy, and blasts the bloom ;
And steeps the couch with many a bitter tear,
For youth and beauty hurried to the tomb.

Yet man, alas! the deadliest foe to man,
Murders his brethren in inhuman fight ;
To waste creation is his savage plan,
Havoc his glory, Ruin his delight.

O cease, in mercy cease, the fierce affray !
Nations, no longer bathe the world in gore !
Sick are the vultures of their human prey,
And the gorg'd raven croaks for blood no more.

The account is as follows:—In the year 1796 there died of pulmonic disorders, 5,910 out of 18,238; in 1797, 5,439 out of 16,714; and in 1799, 4,210 out of 17,285.—*Note by a Medical Friend.*



To me life seems a promontory dark,
 Round which the thunder-forms incessant roll;
 The sun shines dimly, and the sprightly lark
 Is discord to the feelings of my soul.

Sad sighs the vernal gale to hearts like mine,
 The fairest forms of pleasure cease to please;
 I see the sun on human groans decline,
 And human sighs increase the morning breeze.

Sure man is born (the sad reflection fills
 My heart with horror, and with tears my eye)
 Distemper's prey, the sport of endless ills,
 In fear to live, in agony to die,

Oh no! replies RELIGION's seraph voice,
 Her radiant finger pointing to the skies:
 Man mourns awhile, for ever to rejoice,
 He yields to conquer, and he falls to rise.



No longer, then, deplore his hapless doom,
In darkness destin'd for awhile to stay,
He bursts the gloomy portals of the tomb,
Claps the triumphant wing, and tow'rs away!



AN ADDRESS

To Millers, Badgers, and the whole Fraternity of Dealers in Corn and Flour.

[Written soon after the passing the Brown Bread Act.]

I.

YE millers, and ye rogues in grain,
 Who strive, with wicked might and main,
 To grind the faces of the poor around ye!
 Dealers in chaff and barley hulk,*
 Scarce fit to greet a wild boar's tusk,
 May all the powers of villany confound ye!

* THE Brown Bread Act, now no more, was framed upon humane, but selfish principles, and it well became the wisdom of the Imperial Parliament to put a speedy end to its existence. It has been killed by one of the Members of the House of Commons, a "poisoning act;" and, soon after it was passed, the London Bakers complained, that the Millers, not content with introducing honest bran, balderdash'd their flour with hucks of barley and oats, and other unwholesome ingredients, so as to threaten absolute perdition. Complaints were founded in the same key from various parts of the country. Prior to the passing of this unfortunate statute, Mr. Fox, in next effort of villainy, stung without proof, and said:



2.

We know ye well from antient story,
 To filch and gripe is all your glory,
 Tho' fature prick you with her sharpest rowels ;
 A year of plenty gives ye pain,
 Famine, to you, is gladfome gain,
 Hard as the nether millstone are your bowels.

3.

More honest was your fathers' plan,
 (But foes ye always were to man,)
 Some "*learned Clerk of OXENFORD*" to chouse :*
 'Twas far more honest, let me tell ye,
 Than thus to rot the poor man's belly
 With food that's grinn'd at by each hungry moufe.

* Their knaveries, and particularly their dextrous management of the toll-dish, have given birth to much jocularly. Chaucer, and other antient writers, tell us some pleasant stories of Millers and young Oxonians trying to outwit each other; but the modern Millers are so much improved, that they infinitely exceed both our learned Universities in what Lord Bacon calls "crooked wisdom." Indeed they have far greater scope for genius; for they were wisely prohibited in the days of our ancestors from being corn-dealers, upon the same principle that a tanner is not suffered to be a currier.

4.

The people's agonizing sighs,
 Their staring bones, their hollow eyes,
 Are sure enough to melt a heart of stone ;
 But Pity, cherub-born to feel,
 Ne'er saw the inside of a mill,
 Your noisy clappers drown her feeble moan.

5.

The great folks fill me with surprize,
 (But great folks are not always wise,)
 To suffer you to rob with such impunity :
 To sell, without restraint, your trash,
 Chopt straw and bran for honest cash,
 To poison, or to starve, the whole community.

6.

Ye worthy framers of our laws,
 In mercy pare their vulture claws,
 Nor let the blood-hounds rend their helpless prey !
 O save from monsters, callous grown
 Our poor remains of skin and bone,
 And your petitioners shall ever pray



7.

And oh ! in pity to the poor,
 The Badgers' * secret haunts explore,
 With legal terriers hunt the skulking brood :
 Their tricks detect, their dens surprize,
 Where corn, in musty mountains, lies,
 And rats and mice grow fat with human food.

8.

Against rich rogues that talk so big,
 O KENYON ! shake thy dreadful wig,

* Though the present high price of corn may be owing to a variety of concurring causes, yet candour herself must allow, that no inconsiderable part of the calamity is attributable to the juggling of this crafty race. If without their medium the markets cannot be regularly supplied ; if, like pawn-brokers, they are to be considered as necessary evils, like them they should be subjected to some sort of parliamentary regulation. I have been told that, by an act passed in the reign of Edward the Sixth, but unfortunately repealed, all badgers and corn-dealers were obliged to be licensed by three Justices of the Peace, and to enter into recognizances against forefalling, engrossing, &c. The fact is, they are a species of animals that, according to circumstances and management, may either be useful or noxious : if suffered to grow too numerous, or to roam without restraint, they become public nuisances, and *badger-baiting* will not disgrace our gravest Senators.



And strike them dumb with thy tremendous frown !

Pursue, most righteous Judge, pursue

The vile monopolizing crew,

And hallow'd be the furs that fringe thy gown !

9.

Did not the culprit now in limbo,

With saucy flare and arms-a-kimbo,*

Prate to your Lordship and your learned brothers?

Freedom of trade is all their cant,

But what's the freedom that they want?

Why—only to get rich by starving others.

* Though a poetical licence may have been assumed in describing the aspect and attitude of Mr. W-----, the gentleman here alluded to, yet it is a veritable fact, that he addressed the Court of King's Bench with no small degree of assurance and audacity : assurance in *laying down the law* to those venerable Judges, and audacity in insisting that they had no right to inflict any other than a nominal punishment. Poor man ! his intentions were innocent, and even laudable, and he has fallen the victim of those most wicked and spiteful, long-reigning monopoly and protectionists.

10.

Who says our ancestors were *wrong heads*?

Woeful experience proves them *long heads*,

In corn and cattle and such *trifling* matters:

'Tis modest, truly, to despise,

Their wholesome rules, and statutes wise,

And tear them, like old almanacks, to tatters.*

* I have been informed, that various valuable Acts of Parliament, framed by the good sense of our forefathers, against the crying sins of engrossing, forestalling, and regrating, were repealed at one stroke in the 12th year of his present Majesty; a circumstance, which the worthy Lord Kenyon has more than once most feelingly lamented. Though this great Oracle of the Law confesses his inability to account for rashly repealing statutes of approved utility, I may be permitted to conjecture, that it originated in those new-fangled principles of liberality, which are more talked of than understood. We owe so much to the wisdom of our ancestors, that it is vile ingratitude, I had almost said, impiety, to treat so irreverently these venerable, elaborate monuments of their wisdom. It requires no great length of reasoning to prove, and indeed it is too fatally proved by experience, that it is highly pernicious to permit an unbounded liberty of trade in the necessaries of life, and leave the unprotected poor to the combinations of opulent and unprincipled speculators. In vain may the God of Seasons send plentiful harvests: unless we revert to the policy of our ancestors, the bounty of Providence may and will be defeated by the machinations of man. Let not gentlemen of Mr. W-----'s kidney complain of parliamentary *muzzles*: in tenderness to the growling lamentations of the noble savages, it would not surely be wisdom to let loose the wild beasts from the Tower.



11.

The plain good men (God rest their souls)
Never fold hops upon the poles,
Nor kept, till mouldy, hoards of precious grain :
Selling by samples was unknown,
Their jocund teams, to market town,
Whistling, they drove along the deep cut lane.

12.

Ye care not how the people fare :
Let rag-a-muffins feed on air,
Get drunk with tears, and fatten on their groans :
'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,
They are not *flesh* and *blood*, like you,
But loathsome, despicable, bags of bones.

13.

Farmers, no more an honest race,
Lost to all feeling, lost to grace,
In this same nasty puddle must be stirring :
Nor wheaten bread, nor butchers' meat,
The sons of poverty must eat,
But thank our Parliament for—*pickled herring*.

14.

Eternal blessings wait on all,
 Who, starting at pale hunger's call,
 With *Soup*, nutritious, warm the poor man's heart!
 The wife, the heav'n-directed, plan
 Baffles the villany of man,
 Baffles the winter's rage, the badger's art.

15.

TURKEY, where pow'r despotic reigns,
 (Avert such pow'r from British plains !)
 Wou'd, in such cases, act with despot fury :
 Each naughty miller wou'd be flak'd,
 Bakers in their own ovens bak'd,*
 And badgers hang'd without a judge or jury.

* The Turks punish knavery in bakers with peculiar severity. It is said, that in case of a deficiency in weight, they are hung up at their own doors without ceremony; and that, though the punishment is so severe, it is no unusual thing for people walking the streets of Constantinople to encounter the legs of culprits so suspended. I have read a story of a baker being thrown into his own oven by order of a Turkish Magistrate, who, being remonstrated with for the apparent cruelty of the punishment, replied, with great *sang froid*, " talk not of cruelty ; it is a good policy, for I trust it will be a considerable time before we shall have occasion to *bake a baker* again."

AN INVOCATION TO PEACE.

[Written in March, 1861.]

WHEN now the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Their tresses bath'd with genial show'rs,
 On tiptoe stand to paint the flow'rs,
 Return, blest Peace, return !
 Oh ! may the gale, whose tepid wing
 Now fans the blowing crocus, bring
 Thou, sweet companion of the spring,
 And friend of all that mourn !

A Northern storm * hangs o'er the main,
 Plenty forsakes the rural reign,
 And Commerce mourns her broken chain,
 That bound the willing world.

* This alludes to the Northern Confederacy. It had recently been asserted that some people confectured to be true, that it may dissolve with the ice of the Baltic, and that, being frozen into a iceberg, they may throw into a rupture.



Offspring of Heav'n ! oppose thy bar
To mad ambition's trophy'd car,
Strike the red flag of horrid war,
By thy soft fingers furl'd !

Pursuing hope's delusive spark,
Long have we tofs'd in tempests dark ;
O, hasten to our shatter'd ark,
Thou olive-bearing dove !
Silence, ye drums, parading round !
Ye martial fifes, forget to sound !
Hush all ye savage notes, that wound
The ear of social love !

To thee, divinest Peace, belong
The shepherd's pipe, the milkmaid's song,
The ploughman's whistle, loud and long,
That echoes o'er the plain :
And thine the Poet's warmest lays,
While, pleas'd, he marks the length'ning days,
The building rooks, the budding sprays,
And blackbird's mellow strain.



ADDITIONAL STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE GLORIOUS VICTORY NEAR
COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2d, 1801.

INTRIGUING Kings combine in vain,
The savage RUSS, the SWEDE, the DANE,
BRITANNIA still shall rule the main,

And triumph swell the gale :
For hark ! on DENMARK's shattered shores,
The thunder of the battle roars,
And NELSON, Vict'ry's darling, pours
The storm of " iron Hail."

From ZEMBLA to the burning Line,
Still to thy glory nations join,
More radiant still thy virtues shine,
Heroic QUEEN of ISLES !
Thy Warrior o'er the prostrate foe,
Suspends the dire destroying blow,
And while the fires of Vengeance glow,
Angelic Mercy smiles.



Before thy NAVY's fiery blast,
Old NILE, along her sandy waste,
Trembled, and EGYPT flood aghall,
Shudd'ring with new alarms :

Aw'd by thy pow'r, humanely brave,
The BALTIC rolls an humbler wave,
Yet great to conquer, great to save,
Repöse upon thy arms.

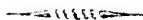
No longer let thy thunders roll,
From South to North, from pole to pole,
Refrain thy Warrior's ardent soul,
And bid Destruction cease !

O let our bells their clamours raise,
Our cannon innocently blaze,
And greet once more our grateful gaze,
With lovely, lasting Peace !





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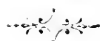
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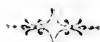
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